

THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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MORTENSEN'S LAST PLEA.

PETER MORTENSEN, convicted
murderer, has made his argument
to show why he should not be sen-
tenced to die for the brutal assassina-
tion of James R. Hay. Mortensen's
speech was not at all convincing. Cer-
tainly the court was not impressed,
for at the conclusion of the prisoner's
remarks Judge Morse sentenced him to
be executed Nov. 20. As a matter of
fact, Mortensen's talk consisted chiefly
in a denunciation of District Attorney
Eichner for conducting the prosecu-
tion so blunderingly as to bring about
the defendant's acquittal.

Mortensen also accused the newspa-
pers of unfairness. This is not sur-
prising, because the newspapers certainly
did print a lot of matter that Morten-
sen couldn't possibly have been pleased
with. And while we are on this branch
of the subject we desire to say, speak-
ing specifically for The Herald, that
this paper made every effort to find evi-
dence favorable to the defendant. If
any had been found it would have been
published as freely and fully as the
evidence that tended to show his guilt.

As to the money matter to which
Mortensen devoted so much of his
speech: He was given every opportu-
nity at his trial to show that he had
the money which he claims to have
turned over to Hay. He made no at-
tempt to do so. And if he had been
able to prove conclusively that he did
have the money, it would not have
been a showing sufficient to establish
his innocence, although it might have
created a doubt in the minds of the
jurors. If Mortensen could have pro-
ven that he paid Hay \$3,000 in gold,
as he claimed to the officer—he never
took the witness stand in his own
defense—there might have been a pos-
sibility that Hay was robbed and
murdered by some unknown party.

But there were other circumstances,
entirely apart and aside from the
money detail, that pointed strongly
toward Mortensen as the criminal. He
was not convicted because of the re-
velation testimony by James Sharp, but
in spite of that testimony. If Mr.
Sharp's declaration on the witness
stand had any effect at all on the ju-
rors, it must have been to incline them
more favorably toward the prisoner.
The attorneys for the defense evi-
dently believed this because they were
responsible for its introduction.

A careful survey of the Mortensen
case leads inevitably to the conclusion
that the man is guilty of the crime
of the darkest crime that has ever been re-
corded in the criminal annals of Utah.
Admitting that the evidence against
him was purely and entirely circum-
stantial, it would be impossible to
convict any assassin. It is no light
responsibility to order the execution
of a human being, but the Herald be-
lieves the jury in the Mortensen case
did only its duty, that the courts have
done only their duty, and that the
executions must, in the interest of
good morals and good government, at
the appointed time fire the volley that
shall terminate the existence of this
miserable criminal.

OVERPLAYING THE STRENUOUS.

IN A RECENT CONTRIBUTION to
the New York Independent, Profes-
sor Goldwin Smith sets forth his opin-
ion that the president's laudation of the
strenuous life is largely responsible for
the growth of what is commonly called
jingoism in this country. In an analysis
of the president's teachings the profes-
sor finds that he has much praise for
the warrior, for brute strength, for the
purely physical virtues, while he has
little to say in commendation of the
scholar, the statesman and the leaders
in science, literature and religion.

BOTH WANTED TO GO.

(Baltimore Sun.)

In speaking of the gratuitous supply-
ing of electric current for the special
illumination by the United Electric
Light & Power company, Robert J.
McCuen, superintendent of lamps and
lighting, told recently a characteristic
story of the late Colonel Milton W.
Offutt, who was vice president of the
company.

It has been the custom of Colonel
Offutt to supply an electric light at the
annual lawn fete of St. Paul's church.
This year the ladies of the church
wanted two lights, and not wishing to
impose on the Colonel's generosity, they
went to Mr. McCuen in their predicam-
ent.

Upon citing the circumstances, Mr.
McCuen promised that they should
have the lights. He called up Colonel
Offutt by telephone and told him that
he wanted him to install two lights at
the St. Paul's church lawn fete and
charge the expense to him personally.
Whereupon the colonel replied:

"They want two lights this year, do
they? Well, they shall have them, but
I can't allow you to pay for them, Bob."
"What's the matter with you, Bob?"
called back Colonel Offutt. "Don't
you think I want to go to heaven as
well as you do?"

Barber Shop History.

C. E. Courtney, Cornell's rowing coach,
was having his hair cut one day in a bar-
ber shop on State street, in Ithaca, when
a very young freshman entered.
The lad seated himself in that recom-
mended position, and the barber, when
they desire to be shaved, and a barber,
smiling for the boy's face was altogether
beardless, picked a towel from the rack,
lathered him, and then, strolling to the
doorway, began to smoke a cigarette.
The freshman waited in silence a few
minutes. Then he exclaimed:

"Smoking," said the barber.
"Well, you don't you shave me?"
"I am waiting," the barber answered,
"for your beard to grow."

Shop Talks On Advertising.

It is estimated that the business
men of the United States spend six
hundred million dollars a year on adver-
tising. A tremendous sum, truly, but
by referring to the different papers
throughout the country you will notice
that it is the shrewd and suc-
cessful business men who employ
these mediums to talk to their cus-
tomers. They have discovered that
pays and further, that it is the best
means of reaching the public. Mr.
Morgan, perhaps your best known ad-
vertiser, has been making a study of
this. Better make up your mind to
call up the phone and let us know
phone is 37, and our advertising
man will be promptly on hand.

riders. A capable executive is not usu-
ally born of the library, and Washing-
ton, the ideal executive, was not averse
to sports and the strenuous life when
it was necessary. But Washington and
Lincoln both deplored war; both longed
for the day when they could take their
ease at home in quiet, both longed for
a lasting peace that should enable their
country to pursue the higher life of a
civilization devoted to the upbuilding of
national character. Neither of them
would be found in full accord with the
beef-and-brown worship of their pre-
sent successor.

THE SUNDAY SALOONS AGAIN.

WITH UNUSUAL BRAZENNESS
the saloons of the city, with a
few notable exceptions, were open for
business yesterday by side entrance,
and their eyes to the defiance of the
statutes. Possibly you may wonder at
this sudden outbreak of contempt for
the law, but any politician will tell
you it is because of the approaching
city election.

The plain, decent, law-abiding citi-
zen may have some respect shown for
his wishes after election, but just now
it is important for the Republican city
administration to have the support of
the gamblers and the saloon keepers
who have no regard for law, and so
the police are smitten with a sudden
blindness, the city is treated to a re-
vival of gambling. Sunday is again
the banner day for some of the ad-
ministration and the pledges of the ad-
ministration that no gambling or Sun-
day liquor selling should be permitted
count for naught.

At the risk of becoming tiresome on
this subject, The Herald again calls
attention to the wholesale revival of
gambling, of contempt for the Sunday
liquor law and of scorn for public
opinion. It calls on the mayor of this
city to make good his pledge that the
laws should be respected and observed;
it calls attention to the need of a re-
vival—not of crime, for that is always
ready for revival, but of an active, or-
ganized, good citizenship which shall
teach the cheap politicians and brothel
keepers the force of public opinion
backed by a citizenship that is not too
cowardly or too lazy to do its part
in the affairs of the city.

The Herald's Boston correspondent
wires that the Earl of Denbigh, who is
now visiting there, will come to Salt
Lake before he returns to England.
Let us all join in hoping that this is
not another false alarm. For our part
we shall refuse to believe the earl is
coming until we are showed.

At least one advantage of the duck
limit law is that it puts a check on the
liars. No man dares say he killed more
than forty for fear that he'll be
arrested. And a man who will murder
more than forty ducks deserves to be
arrested and prosecuted.

It is announced that trains will be
running over the justly celebrated
Lucin cut-off Dec. 1. If half the news-
paper reports are true, a good many
trains have already run under the
Lucin cut-off.

"I am innocent of this crime," said
Peter Mortensen in his argument on
Saturday. It may be significant, how-
ever, that Mr. Mortensen has never
made that statement under oath.

Arrange to go out to the state fair
today. You had the Herald's word
for it that you won't regret the ex-
penditure of time and the trifling out-
lay involved in the outing.

The gubernatorial campaign in Ken-
tucky is disgustingly tame this year.
It has been in progress something like
two weeks and not a single killing has
been reported.

The splendid half-tone picture of the
champion Butte baseball team that
appeared in yesterday's Herald was
made from a photo by Chase.

A dispatch says Russia and Austria
have the Balkan situation well in
hand. Yes, in both hands.

Betting Grows Exciting.

"I reluctantly shoved in \$50. The man
to my left counted out \$25, said some-
thing about a lot of 'pikers,' counted out
another \$50, and shoved it all in. The
man sitting next to him didn't have
enough to cover the bet, he made the
call for all his capital. The next man,
who had raised it first, dropped in enough
to call this raise, he was up to the nose
and said that \$50 was too small a
bunch for a thoroughbred to get, and he
raised it \$50 more.

"It was up to me, and kicking like a
hay steer about getting into game, I
made a good winning and not having sense
to get tangled up in a freak pot in etc.
I shoved in all my remaining chips—the
way, not enough to call the whole of
the bet.

"The man who made the first bet hadn't
anything to say. The 'retired capitalist'
after long, serious thought and a care-
ful survey of the evening, called the law-
yer bet. Cowman No. 2 had quit.
"Then came the exposure of the hands.
The second man to make a bet, who had
all his money in, quietly spread out four
tens, remarking with a very pleasant
smile, 'You fellows played these four tens
for me to a finish,' and was about to
take in the chips when the 'retired cap-
italist' spread out his hand and told him
the man with the four tens, and told him
he would be a good idea to stay out of a
big pot till he got something to show for
it."

The Lawyer Reached For The Pot.

"The lawyer, though, was the prize
pigeon in the coop. He stuck out his chest,
four kinds face up, and remarked
that the legal profession was the only
thing that came to a game of poker.
He reached out his arms, embraced the
chips, and started to raise in the pot, and
had it half way to his side of the table.

"I asked a look of anguish spread
over the countenance of the lawyer, who
never flinched on my being a confessor in
the pot, as he relinquished his hold on the
chips and leaned back in his chair, limply
staring vacantly at his four aces.

"I took the chips. The play broke
two men and sent them adrift. The cow-
man who had bet four tens, who had
declared he never would touch another
card. The 'retired capitalist' had lost
heavily in the pot, but was still a few
hundred to the good. The phenomenal
hand seemed to have taken all the life out
of the players, and the play after
that was listless. The little loser had put
on his coat and quit the game, and the
phenomenal hand had dealt, and it
poked to me like the tenderness about his
face was greater than ever when he left
the room without a word.

Made A Big Haul.

"He was a heavy loser, wasn't he?"
asked the cowman, who had remained in
the game.
"Lost an even thousand," said the 're-
tired capitalist,' who had banked the
game, and it seemed to hurt him a little.
"I was excited \$3,000 to the good for
about seven hundred when I left the
room and started to the office of the
hotel to deposit my money. The elevator
had stopped running, and most of the
lights were out. I went down a flight of
stairs and turned the corner in the dark
corridor, when I stumbled into some one.
"Hello," came a soft voice out of the
semi-darkness of the corridor, 'deme
break up?"

"Yes," and as I answered I recognized
the little loser.

THE RETIRED CAPITALIST

MADE A BAD ANGEL A BENEFICIARY AND
DIVIDED THE POT.

(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

"It is no trouble for a man who has
played much poker to step into a
room where six or seven men are
sitting around a table rattling chips and
picking the losers," said the Angel of Com-
merce as he lit a fresh cigar and cocked
his feet at an angle of 45 degrees—indi-
cating that a new card story was to be
spun. "I mean it is no trouble to pick
the winners and the losers, even if the
stacks of chips are about evenly divided."

"Not many years ago I was traveling
in Texas, and stopped at one of the large-
st hotels there was a story being told
on that would entertain a fellow for a
while. He told me there was a poker game
in room 143, however that I had a taste
for a little game of draw occasionally, I
went to the room designated, and found
there were two winners and two losers
in the game, although the stacks of the
losers had stacks more of chips than the
winners. There were two 'cowmen'
in the game, one local merchant and one
year, one 'retired capitalist,' and two
'drummers,' like myself.

A Retired Capitalist.

"Now, that expression, 'retired cap-
italist,' in a poker game always means
something to me, and that is that the fel-
low every poker game he plays in with plenty
of the capital. I had already picked out
the 'retired capitalist' for the biggest
ner of the bunch, and the lawyer I sized
up as the other winner. I figured it out
that there was some money in the game
horde of \$5,000 worth of chips on the
table.

"Three hands had been played, and the
little man on my right had had three
good hands. Consequently his
stack was getting low. I saw that he was
a commercial man, like my-
self. I saw that his losses were
pinching him.

"I played along a few hands, winning
some pretty fair sums, always means
with the 'retired capitalist' three or four
times, and always quitting my hand when
he made a play for a straight. The little
leary of the 'retired capitalist' chap, and
out of the same water he was swim-
ming in as much as possible. He was
coming my way, however, and I had multi-
plied my original capital by three, and
was sitting easy in the game. The little
loser at my right saw that I was sorry
for him, but could not tell whether I
angered or secretly pleased him. I bluffed
out three or four small pots when he was
all in and let him win them him the show-
down, because I wanted to see that
strained look vanish from his face.

"The Little Loser Delt.
"He finally excused himself for a few
minutes, and when he returned he said
that his face were a more tense, set look.
I decided that during the few min-
utes he had left the game he had been
upon the losses he had sustained, re-
sulting from the embarrassment
he would cause, and was in great
danger than ever of losing.

"Finally he delt. Seven
men passed it up, declaring they could
not open the pot. It got around to the
loser and he passed it up.
"I open it for \$2, the last cent I have,
and I'll bet seven men stay and draw out
on me. That's how my luck in this
game."

"The pot had been opened for \$10 each
time, and \$2 was a low price for which
a draw could be purchased. I looked at
my hand, there was a pair, no signs
of a flush, no chance for a straight. I
had the joker, and in that game the
joker was worth a hundred dollars.
I decided that the loser had a right to get
a 'short-card' draw, so I tossed in
\$2. Every man around the board was
it had decided that I would not look at
my hand after the draw. It was the los-
er's first bet, and he was having a hard
time. I decided not to make the first
move, but to wait until he made the
first move. This I decided not to make
I was sorry for the loser, and determined
that if anybody had a stack and ran
them out, making them believe I had
caught a phenomenal hand drawing four
cards.

"Passed it up to the Next Man.
"I passed it up to the next man. He
had evidently caught something, for he
reached for his stack of chips. The next
man, one of the cowmen, stayed.
The 'retired capitalist' raised it a hundred.
The other cowman was in, and the lawyer,
who had the last say, saw the bet and
the raise, and after making a little talk
about not showing down his hand against
every sucker without some money being
bet, he put in an extra hundred.

"I thought, 'Well, Johnny, here is where
you jump off the jumping wagon and
run, and felt like throwing my hand in
the discard without looking at it. The
loser was all in and it was up to me.
It required \$20 to call. That was about
one-third of my capital. I picked up my
hand and started to 'sick it down' when
I caught sight of an ace keeping com-
pany with my 'cuter card.' I looked a lit-
tle further and found still another ace,
then hoping that I could 'skin out' an-
other good ace or a pair, I flashed the
two cards before my pecuniary eyes, for
I was in a fever of excitement
What I saw froze every nerve in
my body.

"Betting Grows Exciting.
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to my left counted out \$25, said some-
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A Lost Opportunity.

(Collier's Weekly.)
John Fox, Jr., author and strummer on
the guitar, is also an athlete of the
men power, though he does not look
it. One day, on a train, with two Ken-
tucky chivalry, he called a drummer
resented the interference. "For half
a cent," he said, menacingly, "I would
break your back."
Fox looked him good and hard in the
eye, went down into his pocket, came out
with a cent, and offering it to the of-
fender, said: "There's a cent; break my
face if you want to and keep the change."
Mr. Fox's face remained intact.

An Odd Epitaph.

(Buffalo Commercial.)
The following epitaph is to be found in
a cemetery within seven miles of New
York City: Sails on a ship, with two Ken-
tucky chivalry, he called a drummer
Reader, pass on; don't waste your time
Over bad biography and bitter rhyme;
For what I am this crumbling clay in-
stures. And what I was is no affair of yours.



FURS.

Sale Today of Manufac- turer's Sample Line.

A Sample Piece of Fur is always the best, be-
cause the manufacturer makes his samples
as perfect as he knows how.

The manufacturer is on his way home and,
anxious to dispose of his entire line, if possible, to
save express charges and insurance, offered us a
liberal discount, which we will give the benefit
of to our customers, which means a reduction
of from 25 to 33 1-3 per cent.

SCARFS.—Mink, Moleakin, Krimmer, Sable Fox, Isabella Fox,
Russian Fox, Blue Lynx, Marten, Wolverines, Squirrel and Chinchilla.
JACKETS.—Electric Seals in the plain and also trimmed with
Beaver, Mink and blended Squirrel.

This Sale of Sample Furs is for Monday Only.

KEITH-O'BRIEN COMPANY.

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JONES & HAMMER, Mgrs.

PRICES Night—25c, 50c, 75c.
Matinee—25c.

Three Nights, Beginning Tonight

Matinee, Wednesday at 3 p.m.

ALEXANDER RIMINI,
And a Company of Competent Comedians
will present the Laughing Suc-
cess:

OUR WIFE!
A ROMANTIC FARCE COMEDY.
STORY BY GEORGE BROWN AND SCEN-
ERY, UP-TO-DATE SPECIALITIES.

NEXT ATTRACTION: Thursday,
Friday and Saturday, Matinee Satur-
day at 2:15 p.m., the Melodramatic
Success:
"BURIED AT SEA."

Novelty Theatre
60 W. Second South.
Refined vaudeville performances 3 and
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day, Saturday, Sunday, Sacred concert Sun-
day. Admission 15c.

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PERMANENTLY LOCATED.
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teed. Expert specialists, insuring perfect
work. Failures extracted or no pay.

OUR PRICES.
Very best set of teeth.....\$7.00
Gold crowns, 22k.....5.00
Bridge work, per tooth.....5.00
Gold fillings.....\$1.00 and up
All other fillings.....50c to 75c

We positively do as we advertise.

TEETH EXTRACTED
POSITIVELY WITHOUT PAIN OR
DANGER. NO FEE.
Our painless extraction is a marvel and
costs you nothing when plates are or-
dered.
If you have any dental work to be done,
come and see us and inspect our work.
We know we can please you.

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Is Positively the Only Dental Firm
that has a skilled and experi-
enced specialist for each of
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C. WARNOCK, Secretary.

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Fire, Life and Accident

Aetna, of Hartford.....\$14,949,520
Fireman's Fund, of California.....5,202,587
Alliance, of England.....32,656,133
Northern, of England.....30,729,795
Royal Exchange, of London, England.....25,211,568
Franklin Fire, of Philadelphia.....3,092,379